

See "THE STORY OF PULLMAN" on another page of this issue.

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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CITY OF WASHINGTON

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The losses occasioned by the recent railroad strike are variously estimated at from six million to ten million dollars. The losses of the railroads in property destroyed, derangement of business, and injury to perishable freight will amount to at least five million dollars. But these losses, great as they are, entail no personal distress, and are not to be compared with the suffering which the strikers brought upon those dependent upon them. In every outbreak of this character it is the families of the strikers that suffer most acutely. Wives and children are plunged into want and despair, and life sometimes becomes a wrestle with starvation. Our picture illustrates a case of this kind, where the father and husband, having been arrested for criminal violence, is led away to prison, leaving the wife destitute and helpless, and with a babe in her arms, to face as best she may the consequences of a misguided course for which she was in no wise responsible.

THE STRIKER'S WIFE—LEFT HELPLESS AND DESPAIRING.

DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. REUTERDAHL.
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A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In view of the great interest felt in this country in the coming

International Yacht Races,

in which our champion *Vigilant* is to contend in foreign waters against the best boats in Europe, *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* has sent abroad its special photographer, Mr. Hemment, who will follow the

"Vigilant" in all Her Races,

and furnish us with pictures from week to week. Mr. Hemment will also send us

Pictures of the Yale Team

until they have ended their contest with Oxford. These pictures will be a COMPLETE PICTORIAL RECORD, and will be of surpassing interest. Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, the well-known Yale athlete, who was largely instrumental in securing the arrangements for the Oxford-Yale contest, will furnish the letter-press. No other paper will approach

Leslie's Weekly

in the attention that it will devote to American sports in foreign countries.

Persons desiring to secure all the issues containing illustrations of these events should send in their orders at once.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
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The Recent Strike.



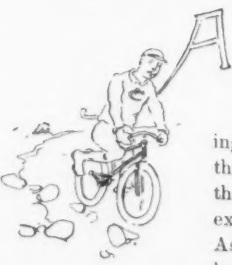
THE failure of the recent railway strike demonstrates afresh that the people of this country do not propose to abdicate the functions of government at the dictation of any self-constituted autocracy, and that the law is stronger than any combination or conspiracy of desperate and lawless men organized for its overthrow. There never

was a more distinct attempt on the part of any organization of workmen to usurp the authority of the people, and subject their rights and interests to a destructive and irresponsible despotism, than that of the American Railway Union, under the leadership of Debs. The conspiracy was the more odious because it was from the outset based on false premises, and was, as to every point involved, controlled by a totally erroneous conception of the mutual rights of capital and labor. Its alleged motive was the protection of the interests of "organized labor." But those interests, so far as railway operatives were concerned, had not been assailed or endangered. There was not among all the thousands of strikers a single man who had a personal grievance against the railroads. There was a disagreement as to wages between the Pullman Car Company and its employes. This disagreement had resulted in a strike of the operatives and the closing of the works. It may be that the operatives were inadequately paid. It may be, on the other hand, that the company could not afford to pay the wages demanded. In either case, the question was one with which the Railway Union had nothing whatever to do, and as to which it had no more right to interfere in the manner it did, by assailing the railway system of the country, resorting to arson and pillage, obstructing the mails, and paralyzing commerce, than it had to proclaim war against the United States, or inaugurate a wholesale massacre of capitalists and employers. Every man in this country has a right to manage his own property in his own way. Every employe has a right to sell his labor for what he can get for it, or to withhold it from the market, as he may choose. No amount of sophistry can alter these facts. No lurid proclamations of labor leaders can obscure them. The contention that either party to the Pullman controversy was bound to accept of arbitration is equally fallacious. As the case stood, there was nothing to arbitrate, but if there had been, where did the Railway Union get its authority to enforce this method upon the parties concerned? Besides, the time for arbitration is before, and not after, a blow is struck. To declare a boycott, make war, on a lying pretext, upon an innocent public, beat down the monuments of social order, and then insist that the perpetrators of these outrages shall be permitted, as the price of their suspension of hostilities, to impose arbitration, or any other arbitrary method, for the settlement of a controversy which does not in any sense concern them—that is more than postprandial arrogance; it is a criminal assault upon the underlying principles of all orderly society, and all the safeguards of personal and corporate security.

The effect of this causeless and violent strike upon the

interests of "organized labor" cannot be otherwise than unfortunate. It has alienated popular sympathy and provoked antagonisms which ought never to exist. The solution of the labor problem is, under the best of circumstances, surrounded with grave difficulties. Any collision which aggravates these difficulties is a real misfortune. Workingmen in some spheres of activity are, undoubtedly, exposed to harsh and oppressive conditions. Rapacious and brutal employers deny them adequate return for their toil. Greedy monopolies treat them as machines, begrudging them the humane consideration to which every man with a soul is entitled. All this is evil, and should be corrected. Employers should pay just wages for faithful service. They should, too, get rid of the idea that they have discharged all their obligations by the payment of a stipulated wage. Ex-President Harrison put the case truly when, in one of his recent addresses, he said that "every man should be required to act like a man and be treated like one." But the workingmen of the country should understand that they can never bring about an improvement of their condition in these respects, or secure a correction of actual grievances, so long as they pursue their present policy. That policy, as manifested in all recent outbreaks, conditions the elevation of labor upon the humiliation and overthrow of capital. All through the Chicago contest the labor pronunciamentos glowed and burned with denunciations of capitalistic interests. It goes without saying that no movement for the betterment of labor conditions which finds its inspiration in hostility to capital, or fails to see that the interests of capital and labor are mutual, can ever accomplish any really beneficial result in the direction named. Established economic laws cannot be brushed aside by a decree of a labor caucus. The rights of property are imperishable rights and cannot be annulled to suit the convenience of anarchists or communists. Workingmen must recognize these truths before they can make any substantial progress in the solution of the problems which confront them. They must recognize that the right to acquire, which is the basis of all wealth and the primary factor in all enterprise, is even more important to them than to the rich, and that in pursuing their present line of warfare they are in fact cutting from under their feet the only foundation upon which they can ever build successful and prosperous lives. They must come, too, to understand and act upon the conviction that there is no real basis of union or co-operation between the anarchist, who is everywhere a destructive, and the honest workingman, who is everywhere a producer and creator. Assassination, riots, incendiarism—these can never help the poor to higher summits of prosperity. American labor, for the most part intelligent and conservative, and possessing opportunities of magnificent achievement which the workingmen of no other land have ever enjoyed, may, if it chooses, emancipate itself from all untoward environment and come into the heritage which belongs to it; but as a first step to that end it must cast out the disorderly and destructive influences and the unwise leadership which now largely dominate it, and utilize its power in a full recognition of the interdependence of all the interests and activities of civilized society.

Good versus Bad Roads.



A good-roads convention held a week or so ago at Asbury Park, in New Jersey, the chairman, Hon. Levi K. Fuller, Governor of Vermont, in his opening address, said: "Unquestionably this country has the poorest roads the world has ever seen, with the exception of the Sahara Desert." As every man of extensive travel knows, Governor Fuller did not in the least make an overstatement.

But it is gratifying, while acknowledging this serious reproach upon American civilization, to know that this condition, so economically burdensome and socially hampering, is not to continue indefinitely, for the movement for better roads has caught the attention of the people and engaged their interest. When the present movement began it seemed hopeless, for it was almost impossible to convince others than country people that they had any economic interest in road betterment, and the country people themselves, when they acknowledged the necessity for improved roads, did not see how in the world they could get the money to pay for them. So education was needed on every side. Urban and suburban people were taught that they had to bear a part of the burden that bad roads placed upon agriculture; the country people in their turn had to be taught that their roads were bad, and that they should insist on assistance in their betterment from general taxation. These were hard lessons to teach, and many of those needing to learn were unwilling to receive instruction. But the advocates for good roads were filled with zeal and would not be discouraged. Now they see some results from their teachings, and the beginning of a changed economic and social condition.

Fourteen States have amended their laws so that better roads can be built, and in all the other States the subject is under discussion. The fact that four hundred delegates,

representing forty States and two Territories, attended the recent convention, shows how widespread is the interest. In the present movement New Jersey leads the way in two regards. The road laws of that State are more liberal and enlightened than in any other, and the mileage of improved roads is greater. The State Aid law of New Jersey is likely to be imitated in other States. By its provisions there is an appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars by the State each year to assist counties to build stone roads. Another provision stipulates that whenever two-thirds of the property-owners on a stretch of road not less than a mile in length agree to pay ten per cent. of the expense of paving it with stone the county must do the work, bearing all the remainder of the expense except one-third, which the State contributes. Of course with only seventy-five thousand dollars a year not much aid can be given, but still it is sufficient, for when there is once a stretch of good road in any neighborhood the people will quickly see to it that the rest of the roads are improved. The bad roads of America will in ten years from now be a thing of the past, and agriculture, relieved from this heavy burden, will once more become profitable and independent.

Religion and Good Citizenship.



THE growth of the Christian Endeavor movement is in many respects the most remarkable fact in the history of modern religious development. Started only eleven years ago, the organization now has a membership of nearly two millions, and it is still expanding and multiplying. Reports presented at the recent international convention at Cleveland recorded steady progress all along the line and in every civilized country of the globe.

The strength of the movement lies in its non-sectarian spirit and its recognition of, and adaptability to, existing moral conditions. Its methods and its aims are directly practical. It inculcates the one truth that religion is an affair of every-day life; that, while dogma has its place, the essential thing is Christian living. The Christian Endeavorer is taught the obligation of good citizenship; and that he must carry with him into politics and business, as well as into the church and home, the potencies of religious thought and purpose. There is an immense influence for good in this attitude of the organization in all civic affairs. At the late convention special prominence was given to this feature of the Endeavor work. The president of the United Society, in his opening address, emphasized the duty of every member of the organization to assert his influence actively "for the election of good men, for the enactment of good laws, for sturdy and steady opposition to the saloon, the gambling-hell, the lottery, the violation of the Sabbath." Other speakers enforced the same counsel, some of them referring to notable victories achieved in various localities by the active efforts of Endeavorers in political primaries and at the polls.

An illustration of the practical methods of these societies is afforded in a neighboring city, where an active crusade is being organized by them against the saloon evil. In the city in question no serious attempt has been made for years for the enforcement of the laws as to Sunday closing, gambling, the sale of liquor to minors, etc. The liquor interest has, consequently, become audacious and insolent, antagonizing the best public sentiment and regarding itself as master of the situation. Now the question is to be tested whether it is, as it thinks itself, superior to the law. The Christian Endeavor Societies, compactly organized, propose to assail it at every point. Evidence is to be collected as to violations of the law, after the manner pursued in this city by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, public opinion is to be aroused, courts and juries are to be stimulated to decisive action, and every available resource employed to secure the enforcement of the laws and emancipate the community from evil control. This is citizenship at its best, and the organization which nourishes such a spirit, incarnating itself in positive acts in political as well as moral relations, must rank as a foremost force in our modern life.

Make Office-holding Respectable.



AMONG the obvious opportunities given to the Republican party by the recent overwhelming disclosures of corruption in almost every part of the country is the superb chance of making office-holding respectable again. It cannot be denied that within recent years the honor of being a public servant has lapsed, in the public estimation, into an opportunity to steal and betray high trusts. In some of the country districts it is still a high honor to be chosen to public office, and men seek it for that reason, but unfortunately these instances are becoming exceedingly rare. To display a disposition to guard the public good and promote the public welfare is becoming more and more a thing of the past. The tendency everywhere is to use public office for personal aggrandizement. It is notorious that a certain ex-Senator of this commonwealth,

residing in Brooklyn, was on the verge, less than six years ago, of being turned out of the lowly home he had to occupy, for non-payment of rent. He got into politics, and lo! within six years he has become one of the richest men of the town, and there is not a man, woman, or child of intelligence who does not know how his property was accumulated. It was at the expense of his personal reputation.

This state of affairs should exist no longer. In restoring public office to its former high estate the Republican party has a most glorious opportunity to commend itself to the people, and to perpetuate the sense of public gratitude which is felt toward it for its services to the cause of good government. Wherever it has had a chance it has promoted the interests of reform. Since the city of Brooklyn, for instance, passed into control of the Republicans the government has become purified, and the administration of public affairs has been rescued from reproach. Should the Republicans come into the control of the city of New York, as now seems likely, at the next election, who doubts that the affairs of this municipality would be placed upon a clean and orderly basis? What a high honor it will be to become a Republican mayor of New York City!

There is an obvious tendency to call upon Seth Low to give up the distinguished office he holds as president of Columbia University, at least temporarily, and become a candidate on the Republican ticket for the mayoralty of the metropolis. It ought not to be difficult to arrange a temporary leave of absence for him, and the trustees of Columbia ought to perceive that it would redound to the greater glory of the institution to lend its president to the city of New York for a time. As for Mr. Low, what greater political honor, save one, perhaps, could come to him than to have it said that he was the model mayor of both Brooklyn and New York, and that he helped once more to make office-holding respectable?

There are other good citizens who could help along mightily in this work. In England and Germany men of the highest public rank in the community regard it as an honor to serve their cities and towns as aldermen. Some of the greatest professors of the German universities think it not beneath them to be aldermen and to see that the affairs of the community are managed economically, honestly, and with scrupulous care for the public good. How long shall it be before we shall hear of Alderman Choate, of Alderman Depew, of Alderman Fairchild, of Alderman Coudert, of Alderman Peckham, of Alderman Steinway, and the rest? Why should it not be so?

The late William Walter Phelps set a most notable example in this direction. He sought an humble place on the Bench to serve the people, and counted it a high honor, too. Why should not Messrs. Choate, Depew, Fairchild, and others emulate his example and give to the city of New York the most distinguished administration of its affairs ever known, and make it a model city in its government? They could be elected, and they could afford to give part of their time to this notable work. The honor that it would bring would more than compensate them for any loss of time, and who could say, then, that office-holding was no longer respectable in New York City? Would not the contagion spread, and would not the question of municipal government be solved at once? We think it would in a great measure.

Here and now is the opportunity of the Republican party. Let it nominate clean men and let it give a pure and economical administration of public affairs, and it can hold indefinitely the supremacy into which it surely is coming.

A Commission of Inquiry.



UNDER authority of an act of Congress passed in 1888, President Cleveland has appointed a commission of three persons for the purpose of investigating the causes of the recent strike and the occasion of the controversy between the railroads which were affected thereby and their employes. There has been a widespread impression that the act under which this commission is appointed provides a method of arbitrating disputes of this character, but this is a mistake. It does, indeed, provide the machinery for arbitration, confers upon boards created under it power to subpoena witnesses and to do certain other things, and requires that the findings and evidence shall be filed with the National Commissioner of Labor, but there it stops. The boards are not empowered to enforce their decisions, and it is, besides, left entirely to the option of parties in controversy whether they will arbitrate their differences. All that any board can do is to investigate the causes of difficulties that may arise "between railroad corporations and other common carriers engaged in inter-State and Territorial transportation of property or passengers, and their employes." Nothing in the way of practical results, therefore, can be expected of the commission created by the President, and this fact is recognized by all the labor chiefs except those immediately responsible for the recent

strike. Its appointment, however, may help to allay the violence and animosity of the strikers and their sympathizers, as indicating a purpose on the part of the government to give them an opportunity to state their case in an authoritative way; and that will be undoubtedly an important service.

There is obviously a growing feeling in favor of the adoption of governmental arbitration for the settlement of industrial disputes, and the enactment of a law providing for national and State arbitration boards would be generally welcomed. But it is difficult to see how arbitration can be made compulsory, consistently with a regard for personal or corporate rights, in cases where either party to a conflict refuses to accept it. In the case of the strike on the Great Northern Railway, recently, arbitration by a board of citizens, acting without authority in law, was successfully carried out, but in that case both the railway and its employes agreed in advance to submit to the decisions arrived at. Suppose that either party had declined to submit its case, how could the arbitrating board, even if clothed with statutory authority to investigate and decide, have compelled acquiescence in its decree? It is noticeable that the bill proposed by Mr. Springer for the creation of a national board of arbitration fails altogether to meet this feature of the case. Power is given the board to investigate differences or controversies between railroads or other transportation companies and their employes, but its authority ceases with the filing of its decision with the President. Everybody realizes the necessity of relief from the strained industrial conditions now existing, and the desirableness of securing to both capital and labor protection against the hazards to which anarchist tendencies and unnatural antagonisms expose them, but as yet it is not apparent that any system of arbitration which may be devised can render any other than an educational service as to questions of this character.

WHAT'S GOING ON

IF we have industrial and other commotions which arrest our prosperity and promote public disquietude, we may at least felicitate ourselves upon exemption from the greater evils which afflict some other countries. China, according to late advices, is ravaged by the cholera, as many as forty thousand deaths having, it is said, occurred in Canton alone. In Russia the disease is spreading with alarming rapidity, defying all the efforts of the authorities to stay its progress. In St. Petersburg the number of deaths is constantly increasing, and in the provinces the percentage of deaths is exceptionally high. Happily, we are so far removed from the sources of danger that apprehensions of a visitation of the pestilence need not at all disturb us.

In a Montana town, recently, a mob assailed two saloons which displayed signs bearing the letters "A. P. A.," and in the riot which followed, one person was killed, others injured, and considerable property destroyed. The A. P. A. is understood to be a Protestant association which objects to foreign and sectarian influence in our politics. We know nothing as to its real spirit or purposes, but it cannot be so dangerous that the display of a sign bearing its name should provoke violence and outrage. We had supposed that in this country every man had a right to belong to any organization which is in itself lawful and proper, and to assert his opinions in any and all ways whatever, so long as in doing so the rights of others are not menaced or interfered with. It seems that out in Montana a different rule obtains, and that persons who are suspected of preferring the dominance of American ideas in America have no rights which hoodlums are bound to respect.

The German who invented a bullet-proof shield has a rival in a Brooklyn stair-builder named Leonard, who has recently submitted to repeated tests a similar invention, which seems to answer fully the service for which it is designed. The shield is a combination of cotton, wool, felt, and wood, treated chemically. In a recent test the inventor showed his confidence in the shield by putting it on and permitting a friend to fire at him with a rifle at a distance of thirty-five feet. The bullet penetrated it about three-quarters of an inch, but the only impression produced upon the human target was such as would have been made by a "light thrust from a stick." Mr. Leonard believes that his invention, or a substance somewhat similar which he has discovered, can be applied to war-vessels and to harbor defense, and that it will prove as effective against big guns as the shield is against rifles.

NONE of the labor organizations of the country has accomplished more effective results in forwarding the interests of its members than the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Its policy has been so conservative, and it has sought its ends by means so reasonable and moderate, that it has come to command the good-will of the whole community, and any demand formulated by it is sure to be regarded as entitled to consideration. Much of

this eminence of the brotherhood in popular esteem is due to the wise leadership of Chief Arthur, who has upon all occasions displayed a cool-headed sagacity and a sobriety of judgment which have enured greatly to the advantage of his followers. His theory is that strikes should never be resorted to until all other means of settling disputes have been exhausted. This view found expression in his comments on the proposed strike of the Knights of Labor, as follows:

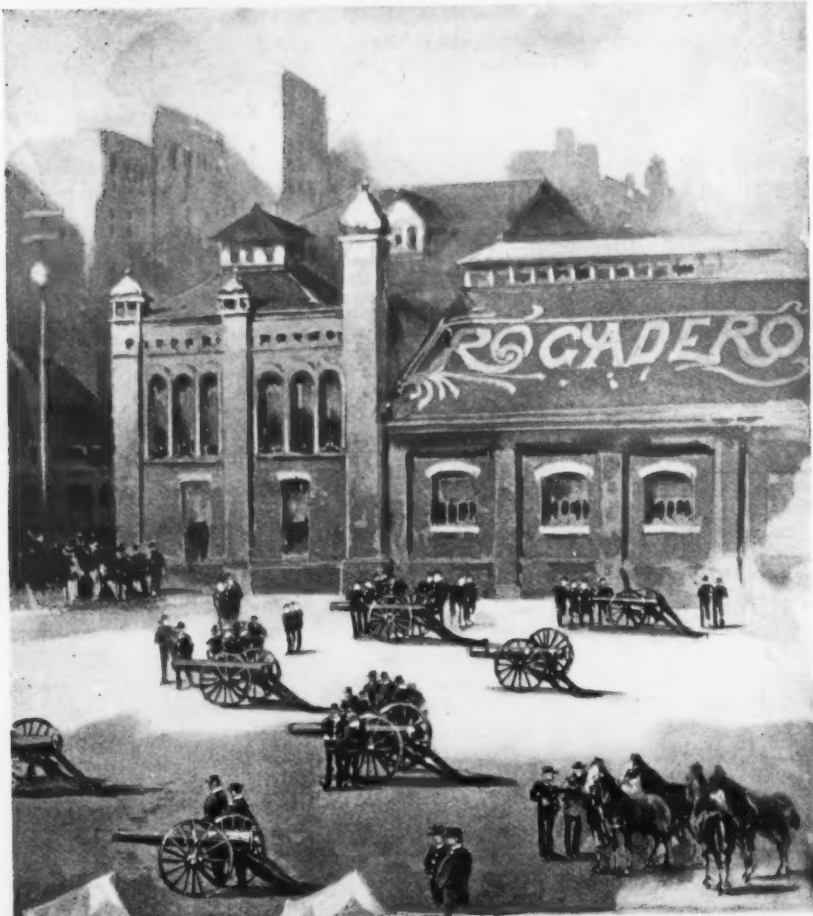
"In view of the fact that during the last winter all the people were taxed to their utmost to feed the poor and unemployed, it is wrong for any man, even though he has the authority, to order out thousands of workmen who have large families to support. I would rather receive the condemnation of the men for not ordering a strike than to order them out and then receive their condemnation. It is not the right time to suspend work when the men have positions to fill and are entirely satisfied with their work."

A good deal of interest is felt in this country in the mission of Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, who has gone to Russia with a view of securing greater toleration of the Hebrew race and initiating measures for their elevation. Rabbi Krauskopf represents in this mission a large body of American citizens who are, it is understood, prepared to co-operate liberally in any scheme he may inaugurate for the benefit of the oppressed and ostracized Hebrews. One purpose of his visit is to obtain from the Czar permission for the colonization of these people, the design being to remove them from the crowded cities, where they are now objects of attack, to more sparsely settled portions of the country, the cost of this removal to be met by contributions from without. If this permission is given, the Hebrews will be furnished tracts of land and made self-supporting, the same general plan being pursued as in the Baron Hirsch movement. The sympathizers with Dr. Krauskopf's undertaking are not sanguine as to its success, but the fact that his entrance into Russia has not been objected to affords some ground for encouragement that he may at least obtain a hearing from the government. The enterprise is certainly a humane one, and, if it could be carried out, would unquestionably result advantageously, both in a social and a political sense.

THE recent labor strikes and the outrages which attended them are the logical outcome of the socialistic teachings of political demagogues and industrial leaders, who have made their way by playing upon the passions and the prejudices of the ignorant and the unthinking. Illinois, the principal sufferer by these strikes, is simply paying the penalty of her complaisant toleration of the lawless and vicious classes, and her positive encouragement, in some directions, of the pretensions of anarchists. It was General Palmer, a United States Senator from that State, who advanced the remarkable doctrine at the time of the Homestead riots that workmen had a moral right to employment, and should have a legal claim on the property of employers—that, in a word, capitalists and employers are largely robbers and oppressors, and that a resort to violence by the working classes against the rich is in every way justifiable. It was inevitable that a pestiferous doctrine like this should bear evil fruitage. When Chicago comes to settle her bill for losses caused by the recent uprising, her people will be quite likely to remember that she owes much of her trouble to Palmer and the men like him who have encouraged assaults upon capital and inspired workingmen with the belief that society is an organized conspiracy against their rights.

THE European governments are actively prosecuting measures of defense against the anarchists. The most notable act of legislation so far adopted is that enacted in Italy. This measure is severely drastic in character, and if enforced will certainly diminish the hazards to which society is now exposed from this dangerous class. In France legislation almost equally comprehensive and rigorous has been enacted. Our own Congress has not yet taken any positive action toward assuring the public safety against anarchist teachings and machinations, but the adoption of a definite policy on the subject cannot be postponed much longer. The bill introduced in the House by Mr. Stone, of Pennsylvania, which defines the term "anarchist," and provides for the punishment of any person who shall attempt the life of any person holding office, elective or appointive, or employed under the Constitution and laws of the United States, or who shall attempt the destruction of any building or other property where the loss of the life of any such United States official or employé would be the probable result of such act of incendiarism, is only a step in the right direction, and would accomplish little, if passed, for the suppression of the anarchist propaganda. We should begin our legislation on this subject by absolutely excluding from the country every person who, upon consular or other testimony, is shown to belong to the murderous anarchist school. Then we should put under guard every man within our borders who dares to fulminate doctrines which menace the public safety. We must cease to be tolerant of conspirators and mischief-makers whose whole purpose is the destruction of the established order. Extermination, not toleration, should be the key-note of our policy as to the whole tribe of Mosts and Prendergasts who have sought foothold among us.

ENCAMPMENT OF UNITED STATES ARTILLERY ON THE LAKE FRONT, OPPOSITE THE PULLMAN BUILDING, CHICAGO.



BLOCK FOURTEEN, IN FULTON STREET, PULLMAN, WITH THREE HUNDRED OCCUPANTS.



THE RELIEF STORE IN PULLMAN, MAINTAINED FOR THE BENEFIT OF STRIKERS' FAMILIES.



CHICAGO DROP FORGE AND FOUNDRY COMPANY—TROOPS IN THE FOREGROUND.

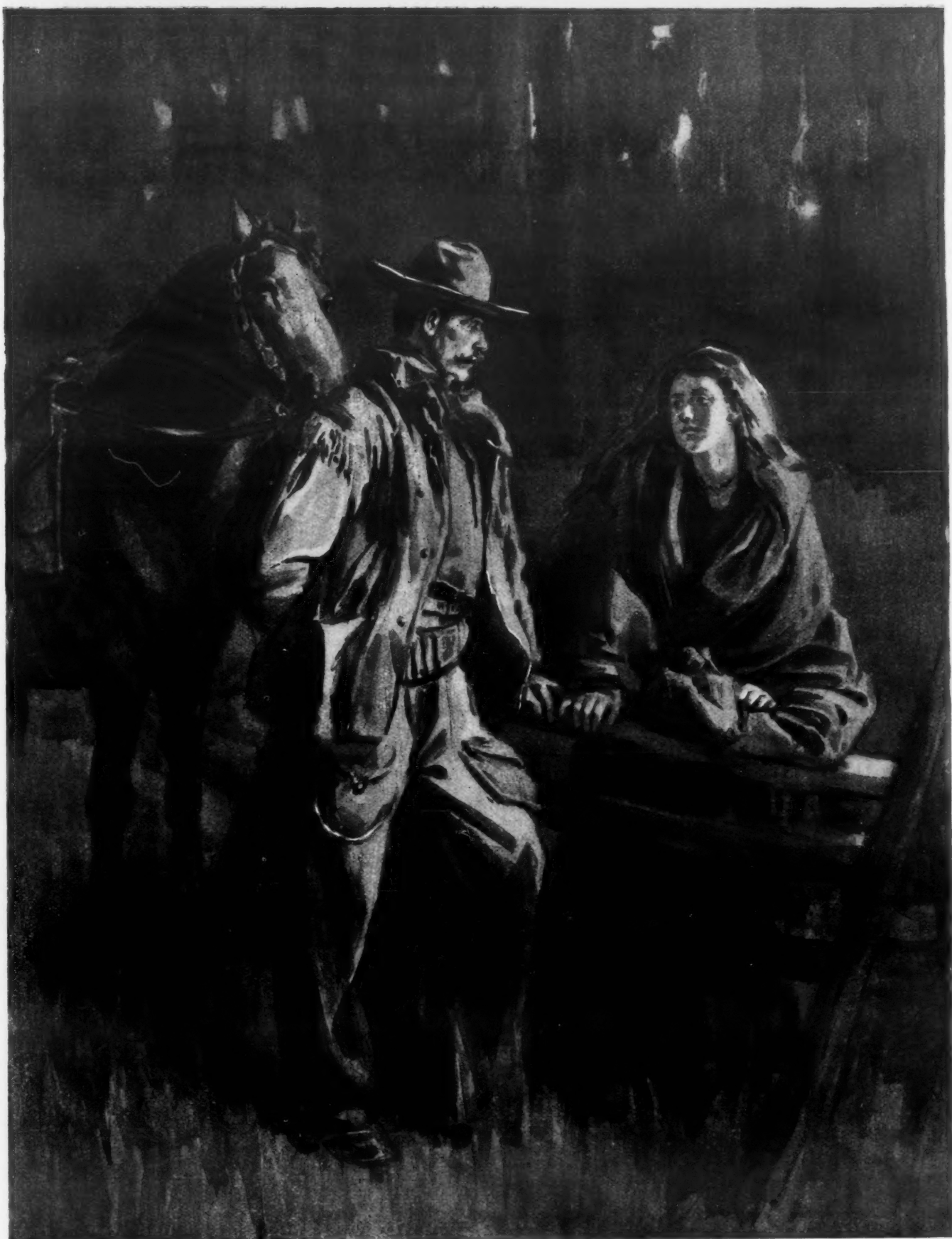


BLOCK 8, IN PULLMAN, WITH SEVENTEEN FAMILIES.



BRICK-YARD DWELLINGS IN PULLMAN WITH THREE ROOMS EACH.

THE TOWN OF PULLMAN AND THE MILITARY IN CHICAGO DURING THE RECENT STRIKE.—DRAWN BY DI LIPMAN, HAWLEY, AND MISS DAVIS, FROM SKETCHES BY STEVENS.—[SEE PAGE 61.]
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"She rested against the top rail of the fence and rubbed one hand over the other."

ROMANCE AND WIRE-CUTTING.

By BELLE HUNT.

IT was the second autumn of the great drought which for three years held the West in its fevered clutch, burning and consuming it. A wind-swept Texas prairie, with its dead, brown grass, and sun-baked mud-holes marking the spots where marshy ponds once gleamed like mirrors, reflecting the shifting clouds, the greens and blues of floating ducks' breasts, and the frosted horns of drinking antelope. Up against the north a bank of muddy clouds piled high and dense, leaving a white rim along the horizon, against which a sharp-backed cow and her long-legged yearling meekly humping themselves against the "norther" stood out clean-cut and tintless, like an etching. Over all a shrieking, gasping, thin blue wind, and a huge triangle of wild geese winging their flight southward, piping shrilly in a key just missing unison.

Desolation! desolation!

Even the jack-rabbits had disappeared—those hardy little creatures with their timid eyes, sensitive big ears, and fleet movements; and the prairie-chickens and partridges, generally so numerous in coveys all along the ravines and timber necks—all gone, famished for food and water.

Barely discernible against the dim background was the outline of a barb-wire fence with its *bois d'arc* posts, standing

regularly and like sentinels at every twelve paces, linked together by three rows of wire, and running for miles and miles clean across the prairie till it reached the timber. Here it was met by rail fences, stake-and-ridered, leading up to tumble-down log cribs and corrals, a cabin or two, and a long, low "big-house" with its chinked and daubed walls, its weather-boarded ends, its open, blast-swept hallway, and red sandstone chimneys.

This was old Colonel Baugh's ranch, and that big pasture which linked its forbidding arms around two dozen miles of free grass, was also his. His neighbors who had cattle of their own, but no two-dozen miles of range for them, objected to this exclusiveness. They had been reading Henry George and the Farmers' Alliance papers, and they believed in free grass and co-operation. In this instance, however, they wanted Ranchman Baugh to furnish both the grass and co-operation. The idea of Texas dirt being fenced up and owned; the idea of turning the main road to town two miles out of its way; the insult of putting up a poster saying "No hunting nor trespassing allowed in here!" Since when did one man have the right to say where his neighbors should hunt and fish and drive their wagons and herd their cattle? Wasn't it all Texas, and didn't their fathers and grandfathers fight for her and starve for her and die for

her, just the same as old Baugh's father? It was bad enough to pay taxes on their homestead claims, but when it came to keeping their stock up all winter and corn-feeding them, or wintering them off twenty-five miles from home, when that "little lone prairie" was lying there full of ground-cured hay, and nothing to eat it but a few hundred of old Baugh's cattle! Well, they'd show him! They'd "cut his darned wire and let their stock in as much as they pleased. If they let the monopolists and railroaders alone they'd be fencin' in the air purty soon, and chargin' people so much a yard fur breathin' it!"

They had cut the wire not only of Colonel Baugh, but of every other ranchman whose territory had interfered with their range. There had been mutual-protection societies, private detectives, and offers of reward for the cutters, but such means had proven altogether insufficient to quell them. So the Governor had been petitioned to interfere and protect his peace-abiding subjects, and a special department of military troops had been set aside for that service.

It was near sunset on one of those blue fall days. A "norther" was coming on, and every ghost of warmth vanished from the air and earth. Dave Baugh had made the entire circuit of the pasture, with the wind in his teeth, and his "chawin' terbacker" his

only company. There was a bundle of wire tied to his saddle, and some shears and pincers protruding from his overcoat pocket. As he turned the southeast corner of the pasture the desolate old cow lifted her gaunt, hungry eyes to his and lowed pitifully, while the yearling huddled against her rib-marked side.

"Hit is a durned shame to shet out a single one uv God A'mighty's creetur's from sech a livin' as they kin git in thar!" Dave said, nodding his head and spitting toward the pasture; "but we've got to draw the line. We've got to show them blamed fence-cutters that we own our land, an' we'll fence hit an' keep out other men's cattle jes' as long as hit pleases us so to do."

He was a great double-fisted, mild-eyed fellow, who wore his pistols as regularly as he did his pantaloons, and could scarcely open his mouth without a big, senseless, unprofane oath; but he was as soft-hearted as a woman, going out of his way to keep from treading on a horned frog, and turning his head away when the boys branded a calf.

There had been two older sons who had ridden their broncos, year after year, across that bleak prairie to the "deestric" school-house, where they "got" an education during the week and religion on Sundays, and where, finally, in '62, they answered to the muster and rode away with the boys in gray, never to come back again. Dave often thought of those two big brave brothers, and of their bodies mouldering somewhere across Mason and Dixon's line in a trench full of rebel bones. His mother had died long since then. She was a patient, hard-working woman, carrying the water she cooked and washed with from a spring a quarter of a mile from the house, and getting up at four o'clock in the morning to milk a dozen long-horned, small-uddered cows, which gave altogether only enough blue milk for their coffee and an occasional pat of white, frothy butter.

Poor old mother! Dave never got over missing her. He could stand the summers well enough, when he was out after cattle, and haying, and living in his saddle mostly, but he dreaded the winters alone with his gruff old father, smoking by the smoky chimney-corner and listening to old Aunt Rachel singing camp-meeting songs as she thumped around frying their greasy beefsteak and boiling their black coffee three times a day.

The pony had hastened his pace, taking a sidling cut homeward, while Dave had been thinking; but he took up the reins, turned his head sharply about and, touching his spurs to the animal's flank, galloped across the prairie toward the woods. It grew darker as he went. He was going to meet the shadows of nightfall.

Soon he came to a low worm fence which outlined a sodden, unkept field at the edge of the timber. He turned into the bridle-path curving with the fence, and was suddenly aroused by the rustle of dried cockle-burs and the crackle of dead corn-stalks. Not fifty yards away in the field was a woman's figure, coming toward him with down-drooped head. The noise of his horse's steps aroused her, and as she lifted her head a sudden rift in the clouds threw out in exquisite relief and transparency a young girl's face, with its wind-tossed hair and a ragged red shawl blown back from the shoulders. It was a cameo face, tintless in the cold, but warmed by a pair of glowing brown eyes and lips as full and red as a split pomegranate. A scant skirt of some flabby cotton stuff blew about the slender limbs, and an apron full of something hard, lumpy, and apparently heavy was gathered up tightly in the small brown hands. She hurried on to the fence, with parted lips and kindling eyes.

"Nervy!" Dave called, pleased and surprised. He sprang from his horse and awaited her at the fence. She rested the heavy apron-load against the top rail and rubbed one benumbed hand over the other. Her collar was unfastened, exposing to the cutting wind a creamy throat clasped by a strand of green glass beads.

"You most scared me, Dave!" she said and laughed. "Hit's not so late, I don't reckon, but hit's so powerful dark. I'se wonderin' ef hit was a 'clipse."

Dave laughed too, and drew the shawl over her head, folding the corners snugly about her neck.

"Scare-baby!" he said, teasingly but fondly. "Hit's only the fust blue 'norther'; but you hadn't ought to be so fur from the house by yo'self. Whar you been?"

She opened her apron, displaying some scrubby ears of corn.

"Gittin' nubbins fur to grin," she answered. "Uncle Jeemes an' Uncle Bud is gone to the Fort, an' we uns is out'n meal."

"Come on an' I'll take yer home. I was goin' thar any'ow."

He lifted her over the low fence, and slipping his arm through the bridle-rein, walked beside her, the docile, tired pony following.

"We're about to ketch the wire-cutters, 'Nervy," he said. "I've jes been makin' the cirket uv the pasture, an' hit's all right. They're gittin' skeered, but we're layin' fur em on their next raid."

"Air—ye?" The girl caught a quick breath and looked off across the leafless woods and barren fields.

"Yes. Scott and the Rangers air shore on to em!" He paused and looked keenly at her.

"'Nervy," he said, and laid his big, warm palm over hers on his arm, "you been actin' kinder strange-like with me, er late. Is thar ennythin' weighin' on yer min'?"

She cowered to his side and sobbed with her face hidden on his sleeve. "Oh, Dave! don't be askin' me questions. I want to be 'hones', 'caze you air so 'hones' yo'self—but I'm all mixed up, Dave, 'bout ever'thin'!"

She sobbed on, and he said nothing.

"You an' the Sunday-school book is pore prophets, Dave," she went on, raising her head and looking up yearningly into his stern, high face. "fur things is gittin' worser instead er better. I know I hadn't oughter complain uv my own kin, but they gambles an' drinks an' cusses all night long when they're at home. Granny! so deaf she can't hear 'em, an' I ain't got no-boddy to take my part, 'cept Mr. Scanlan, when he's thar." She relaxed into tears, burying her face again in his sleeve, where he stroked her head with a rough, but tender hand.

"Wimmen-folks is quare creetur's," he said, more to himself than to her. "I can't make 'em out, ezpecially when they cries." Then more loudly and directly, "Thar, 'Nervy, don't cry! But tell me what makes you go on playin' fas' an' loose with me, this er way? Why don't you marry me, as yer promussed, an' let me take you out'n that—hell?"

His voice was tense and earnest, and he turned her resisting face up to the waning light, as though he would read in its tear-dimmed outlines the answer her lips withheld. In another instant he had hurled her from him as though she were a serpent and had stung him. There was a green light in his eyes and a hardness in his set lips and pallid cheeks more unrelenting than the skies.

"Hit's that d—d Yankee, with his white han's an' store clothes!" he hissed. "I'd a seed hit long ergo ef I hadn't er been a chuckle-headed jigg."

The girl sprang to his side, forgetting the nubbins, which fell to the ground, where the pony began gratefully to crunch them. She put both hands on Dave's breast, striving hard to reach his unrelenting neck. "Oh, Dave—dear Dave!" she cried, the moan of her voice mingling with the cry of the norther. "Don't you go gittin' that idee in yo' head! Hit'll all come right, Dave; all uv us'll come to our senses." She clung to him piteously, repeating the vague assurance.

"Thar!" he said at last, "I ain't man enough to see yo' cry." He soothed her a moment, then added, under his breath, "But I believe it, though!"

"Come on, 'Nervy," he said aloud and kindly; "hit's most night an' granny 'll scold you fur bein' out so late."

He picked up the nubbins which the pony had left, methodically putting them back in her apron and gathering up the corners into her hands so she would not spill them. Neither spoke again until they reached the house.

This house was like his father's, on a smaller and cheaper style. The logs were unplanned, the open hallway roofless, and the chimneys of mud, instead of sandstone. From either end of the building they leaned off, submitting to an apparent abhorred proximity by force of long poles stuck in the ground and propped against their sway backs. A thin column of smoke, like a double layer of the blue wind, issued steadily from one chimney. Near the other stood a log crib full of fodder, against the south side of which three lean, spotted calves steadied their ramshackly legs.

On a pole projecting over their heads perched several old hens and a big, rusty-combed rooster, who divided his time between pecking at his wives and grumbling away down in the depleted depths of his craw about the hard times and bad weather.

An absent panel of fence opposite the house-door stood for a gate. Here Minerva paused, and slipping her hand once more into Dave's, said timidly, appealingly, "Good-night, Dave."

His fingers closed over hers in a vise-like grip; he drew the shawl from her head and looked into her face. As he did so the door opened and a glare of yellow light flickered a moment in the hall-way, revealing the approaching

figure of a man—a young man, tall, straight, self-poised, with a stiff hat, well-fitting clothes, and a cane. Dave threw the girl's hand from his arm and springing on his horse, put spurs to its flanks and galloped away across the clearing.

As the girl stood irresolute, stunned, a smooth hand was laid on hers, and a well-modulated voice said, "Allow me." The nubbins were taken from her cramped hand and laid on the porch floor. Then an arm was placed affectionately around her and she was drawn back toward the gate, away from the door. "My girl is a genuine Texan," he said, "to be out so late alone and in such bad weather."

He spoke lightly, yet fondly. She ignored both. She lifted her serious eyes to his and answered, "I was not alone, Mr. Scanlan. I was with Dave Baugh."

"Ah, our ever-faithful swain!"

She attempted to turn back to the door, but he detained her, tightening his arm about her waist and smilingly insisting.

"I am awfully glad you've come!" he said. "Granny and I have been holding Quaker meeting an hour and a half waiting for you."

She ceased resisting, and looked wistfully into his eyes. He kissed her.

"Come, sweetheart," he said, "let's don't quarrel. What has that big rough been saying to you? You look as if you had been crying."

"Don't call him that," she said, a little proudly, but humbly. "If he is a rough he is good and true, and—he loves me."

"And what's the matter with a fellow being a gentleman and good and true and—loving you? Haven't you already confessed that you like me better than you do him?"

A low cry escaped her, and she leaned away from his lips and breast.

"I was a fool!" she said. "An' you was so hard to git shet uv—" She caught his hand and looked furtively around among the shadow-forms and wind-voices—"an' I was—afraid uv you uns. I das'sent make you uns mad at we uns."

She stopped suddenly, then throwing both arms around his neck kissed him on the lips. "You know I'm a-lyin'," she whispered hysterically, "but good-bye, an' please don't come here no more!"

Before he could reply she had darted past him, across the hard dirt yard, across the wind-swept porch, and into the room he had left.

"Perdition!" he exclaimed, and stood staring after her. "She's on the trail and things have got to come to a crisis."

He looked at his watch, stepping before the fire-lit window to see it, then springing on his horse set off at a lively canter, a satisfied light on his face which was too practical and calculating for that of love's young dream.

Minerva entered the room like something tossed there by the wind. Her hair blew wildly about her face, her eyes were bright and startled, and her cheeks like fire.

Granny sat mumbling over the smouldering chunks, her wrinkled, hag-like face peering out from the dirty folds of a white nubia. She looked like some evil spirit crouching in that half-light. But there was her box of quilt rags beside her, and her brass thimble on her claw-like finger. The fumes of her pipe nearly stifled the girl coming in from the sweet, frosty air. The puncheon floor was clean, however, and two big feather-beds in the further corners looked not uninviting in their patch-work quilts and white pillows.

Some raw-hide bottomed chairs stood around the hearth—one with its back gone and the stool whittled half away in notches. On a tall mantel stood an old-fashioned eight-day clock, its stubby hands making rheumatic gyrations over its dirty face, and a wreath of pink cabbage roses plastered on its stomach.

Near by was a bottle of turpentine, one of quinine, and one of snuff. There were also several almanacs, and a china mug bearing the unique inscription, "From a Friend."

On either end of the mantel was a plaster-of-Paris statue; one an angel with his nose smudged off and a very un-angelic accumulation of dust and grime in his variously disposed dimples; and the other a soldier, whose sword having been broken off in combat with the snuff bottle (judging from its offensive proximity), was replaced heroically in his chubby hand by a corn-cob pipe with its long cane stem.

A pine table against the wall supported upon its treacherous-looking oil-cloth cover a family Bible, several "decks" of cards, and a cigar-box full of shelled corn. Over the table was a chromo representing "The Crucifixion"—a hideous conglomeration of reds and greens, of diabolical anatomy and distorted perspective—only the Saviour's face was beautiful—beautiful despite the yellow tint of skin and the green light intended for a halo on the parted, waving hair. Divinity was there, shining out like a

clear star on a cloudy night, redeeming and glorifying the sordid surroundings.

Minerva loved that picture. It was her one glimpse of art and idealism. In her crude, pathetic way, she had clothed it with a superstitious power and personality, looking up to the calm, sweet face with unconscious but genuine Roman Catholic idolatry.

She felt dazed and breathless. The touch of her lover's lips clung hot and tangible to her own. The warmth of the room made her cheeks and fingers tingle—yet she was shivering with cold and the apprehension of some direful, undefined, and unavertable disaster.

She stood shuddering in the middle of the floor, gazing with rapt eyes and throbbing heart up at the mute but comforting face of the Christ. She was startled by the rasping voice of her grandmother, who, having felt the draught from the open door, turned and perceived her who had opened it.

"Minervy Hinson!" the old hag shrieked, "hit's er purty time er night fur a young gal to be gallopin' around the kentry by herself! Whut in the name er the Lord air ye bin doin'?"

The girl came to her side and, stooping, held her hands over the coals, as she answered, straining her young voice to reach the stubborn, deafened ears, "I went after the nubbins, yo' know, granny, and I stopped to talk to Dave Baugh—"

The old woman looked at her keenly.

"Didn't you see nothin' uv Scanlan?" she asked.

"Yes'm; he 'lowed as how he'd bin waitin' er hour an' a half fur me."

"He's er liar an' you're a fool! He never come here to see you. He come to pump me erbout Jeemes an' Bud."

The girl recoiled as if struck.

"Granny!" she cried, putting her fresh face up against the seared old cheek, and pushing back the folds of the nubia from the ear, "what is it about Uncle Jeemes an' Uncle Bud?"

The woman pushed her off and hissed—"Nothin' as I knows uv. You ten' to yo' own business. Go 'long an' milk, an'—"—she clutched the girl's skirts as she moved to obey—"don't you let me ketch you foolin' with Tom Scanlan no more!"

A half-hour later, when the moon came up, hanging like a globe of electrified ice in that frozen, tintless atmosphere, it lighted the serious, prosaic face of Minerva, as she measured her feeble strength against that of the last of the three lean calves, while she tied a rope around his neck and pulled him, inch by inch, stiff-legged and bellowing, away from the forming, tempting udder.

(To be concluded next week.)

A Test.

"I WOULD give to my love the best,
The best of all things that be"—
Her hands on her heart were pressed—
"Whatever might come to me."

She prayed to the bended skies:
"Oh, how can I make the test?"

But God is loving and wise,
And He will know what is best."

Then, down to the wild sea-strand
She came in the twilight pale;
A boat swept out from the land
With her lover under the sail.

"Oh, listen! oh, wait! oh, stay!"
Her cries on the wind were whirled;
But her lover sailed far away,
And night fell over the world.

And never a waving hand
Out of the sea-mist crept,
Nor a grating keel on the sand—
Till, kneeling, she prayed and wept.

Her hands pressed over her breast,
"If God hath His answer made,
And this, that is, be the best,
Then I am content," she said.

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

A Natural Phonograph.

MANY of the most important inventions of the age have come from the observations of natural phenomena by quick-witted minds, to which new principles, or new combinations of well-known principles, have been suggested thereby. The following is a well-authenticated account of a very interesting incident. Did it suggest the phonograph to Edison?

The crew of a fishing-vessel on the banks of Newfoundland had unique experience last season. They were anchored near the outer edge of the Banks and near the inner edge of the Arctic current.

One evening the air suddenly chilled, indicating the presence of icebergs. About midnight the loom of one drifting slowly southward could be seen. All hands were called and the anchor hove short, as it was not wise to stand in the way of such an invincible monster. As fish were plenty, the skipper did not wish to move

off the spot, fearing to lose a good catch. He therefore held to his anchorage, awaiting developments.

The berg, apparently a very large one, came slowly, grandly, irresistibly, across the vessel's bow, but far enough away to free the crew from anxiety. As it approached a confused sound was heard, which all on board the craft thought caused by the washing of waves or the creaking of loose ice. But as it drifted down in the wind's eye the sounds were distinguishable as those of human voices. At first they were blurred and mixed, becoming more clear and distinct as the wind brought them fairly on board. There seemed to be a jolly crowd on the berg, full of life and rollicking humor. There was talk and laughter, with occasional outbursts of surprise and admiration at what they evidently saw. These were followed by a verse of an old time song, sung in a strong nasal tone peculiar to sailors:

"The doctor came, he smiled the game,
With a face as long as a Quaker;
Says he, 'Young man, where is your pain?'
I answered, 'Betsy Baker.'"

Then a horrid din broke out, as though all the fiends of hell were out on a tear and had found a victim to torture. Cries, yelps, growls, barks, and whines, interspersed with a swishing sound like the slashing of whips, together with words of command in a queer gibberish, were mixed in one harrowing uproar. This quieted down, and was followed by sharp words of command: "Make ready! Aim! Fire!" And the bangs of at least a dozen muskets came rattling through the air. It was so real that the crew imagined they could see the flash of the guns. Next came a jingling, sliding rumble, followed by an awful crash, as though ten thousand tons of glass had fallen from the skies to earth in one stupendous smash. The wild din settled into the confused murmurs heard at first, and soon died away.

When the sounds first began to resolve themselves into voices the men were astonished, then terror-stricken. An Irishman, the life of the crew, fell on his knees and called on all the saints in the calendar to protect him from ghosts. As the noise diminished a Yankee school-master, who was on this voyage for his health, was the first to recover his senses. He appealed to the captain to lower a boat and go alongside the berg to rescue the parties who were evidently drifting to destruction.

At first the captain refused, being as badly frightened as the rest. His sense of humanity overcame his fears. He ordered the boat to be lowered, calling for volunteers to man it. The school-master and one other stepped to the front. With these two the captain pulled off to the berg.

The sides of this crystal boulder rose sheer and smooth a hundred feet skyward, with the waves washing half-way to the summit. Not a shelf or landing-place showed itself to view, nor could a sound be heard save the threshing of the sea. All else was as still as death.

The men shouted until they were hoarse, but heard no response other than the echo of their anxious calls. Finding that they could do nothing to help the supposed castaways, were there any there, they turned the boat about and pulled regretfully back to the vessel, more completely puzzled and awestruck than ever.

The iceberg floated from sight. Long and wearily, yet with skill and acumen, the school-master endeavored to solve the mystery of the sounds; he felt certain that there were no living beings on the berg. Nothing in natural or spiritual phenomena suggested to him means of solving the problem. One day a brilliant thought of his illumined the subject. The sounds were those of spirits, but the spirits of departed words! Suddenly it became evident to him, from what had been heard, that some time in the far past an exploring party, with the usual accompaniment of Esquimaux and dogs, had been examining one of the great glaciers that annually shed a crop of icebergs into the Polar Sea. They had stood facing the high and advancing front of the glacier and, as they talked, laughed, shouted and sung, the sounds had frozen hard and fast on the face of the coming berg, and had afterward been covered with a thick covering of ice. When the glacier jutted far enough over the sea the iceberg broke away, fell to the water, and started on its drifting journey southward. As it slowly melted under warmer winds, the imprisoned words were loosened, leaped forth and out into the free air, with a natural distinctness that frightened half a score of men beyond all power of reasoning.

After such an apparently supernatural experience the crew worked hurriedly and nervously to complete their catch and cargo. They spoke in whispers, their merry songs were hushed, lest the very air would talk, so thoroughly were they awed and chilled by the

icy voices from years ago. Even the jolly Irishman lost his jollity and stood apart, when chance afforded, shaking his head in despair, and devoutly crossing himself to fend away some unseen evil.

The school-master, aware of the great importance to the scientific world of such a discovery, and of an authentic record of the wonderful occurrence, wrote a full account of it, which was duly signed and attested by the captain and crew on their arrival in port.

The original manuscript is in my possession. It relates a curious experience, to say the least.

C. W. KIMBALL.

Float Day at Wellesley College.

If you would see all Wellesley at its bonniest and brightest, with a stanch retinue of family friends and Harvard admirers to the number of three or four thousand, you should reach the college grounds on a Float Day just at twilight.

The honored nautical fête known as Float Day is peculiar to Wellesley, and occurs in June, a week or two before commencement, when college cares are beginning to lighten and college duties are regarded, at least by the serious, with that mingling of regret and delight which all loyal collegians experience in saying "good-bye" to alma mater. For the "grand old seniors" are going out into "the wide, wide world."

Float-day ceremonies introduce the visitor at once to the pride of all Wellesley girls—romantic Lake Waban, the joy alike of oarsmen and skaters; beloved in summer and winter, the theme of the college girl's song, pen, and brush.

On Float Day Waban is at its best. As the shadows of twilight begin to suggest the approach of night, from all sides of the lake gay water craft of every description—canoes, shells, and nondescript, gayly set with cushions and decked with Chinese lanterns, bearing the flags of Wellesley and Harvard amicably united, all glide out on the smooth waters, which reflect in the entire circle of their shore luxuriant forest foliage and the prim Italian gardens of the Hunnewell estate. The Hunnewells' Venetian gondola, handsomely carved, decorated with greens in honor of the fête, and manned by a picturesque Venetian gondolier, is an interesting feature of the scene. The trim young teacher of athletics is out in a dainty boat rowed by two rowing experts from Harvard and Yale, and with her opera-glass keeps an eye on all manoeuvres and has full command of the situation.

College Hall gleams down on the lake from its height close by, and down the banks hasten college girls in sweet summer gowns, with many friends, and especially the college boy in interesting summer flannels. Class and college banners are numerous, and every bearer thereof is prepared to do his duty.

But the centre of interest this year is a pretty little boat-house with complete equipment, built largely through the exertions of alumni and undergraduates, which is sharing to-day, for the first time, in the triumphs of Float Day. On its ample platform seats are ranged to command a fine outlook on that part of the placid little lake which will prove most interesting as the evening wears on, and in an angle of the platform stands a bugler, whose sweet reveilles and songs floating out over the lake add much to the pleasures of the fête.

But however interesting all these accessories to the four thousand or more guests who have come in special trains from Boston or in barges and tally-ho coaches from Cambridge, Brookline, and other suburbs, every one is looking for the central figures of Float Day, the college crews, who are to be, quite literally, the stars of the evening. In response to the silver reveille there comes at length down through the trees a pretty procession with uplifted oars of varying decoration, each crew in a fine fresh costume of its own designing. Seniors in rich crimson skirts and Tam O'Shanter caps, with light green sweaters, escort the sophomore crew in handsome costumes of tan and white. Juniors in hunting green, with blouses of lavender and white, are followed by freshmen in nautical navy and white, and "scrub crews" and "specials" in picturesque combinations.

A generous and appreciative Boston friend has presented a beautiful national banner for the new boat-house, and when this has been duly christened by a speech from the senior class president and the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the crews are ready for their boats. It is '94's day of glory, for senior friends are numerous, both in floating craft and on the crowded shore, and every tree seems to contain some selected champion with iron throat, whose special duty it is to shout,

"Rah! rah! rah! rah! we roar,
Wellesley! Wellesley! '94!"

for the encouragement of the brave little crew in crimson and green, with captain, coxswain, and all complete. We are very proud of our new cedar shells, with sliding seats, if you please, and with excellent coaching and diligent practice are quite willing that you should admire our rowing.

"Who's alive, who's alive?
Wellesley! Wellesley! '95!"

greet the handsome junior crew; while '96, with its "Rickety-rix," and the aspiring freshmen, with their Greek call,

"En, enarkonta, kai, hepta,
'97, '97, rah! rah! rah!"

fairly convulse the echoes of old Waban, and so fill the ear that seeing is almost forgotten.

Now the bugle plays a bright rousade with "A Life on the Ocean Wave" as an inspiration, and the various crews encircle the lake, pulling handsomely in the glare of public inspection. Manoeuvres many, shouts and college yells, the gleaming of calcium lights on lake and shore, the delicate crescent of the favoring moon blessing the scene, illuminated boats, one conveniently named the *Chaperon*, gliding slowly hither and yon—all these live in the memory of the Float-day visitor. Now the shadows are dark and soothing. The various college crews bring their boats to centre around a buoy near the boat-house, forming an eight-rayed star. Each dainty rower produces from somewhere in the small shell a dainty coat of crimson, white-duck, or navy, according to her costume. The senior captain, who is also leader of the glee club, takes her little green baton, and song after song sweetly rings out over the water. Each crew has its own particular song, and nearly all celebrate, in some way, the beauties of Waban Lake; but '96 is pathetic in "No quorum." And when, at the closing verse of one familiar song,

"Where, oh, where, are the grand old seniors?"

"They're gone out from their alma mater,
Safe now in the wide, wide world,"

every singer slowly waved her pretty cap as an accompaniment, the lake itself must have grieved at the farewell. But, to the deep regret of the freshmen, "Schneider's band" did not appear on the programme.

At length the colored lights fade away; the senior boat, the *Waban Annuity*; the junior *Soangetaha*; the new sophomore shell, the *Loch Learrow*, and the "specials" and "scrubs" regretfully row homeward, as the still more reluctant spectators leave the scene of quiet, entrancing beauty—for we have lived in a world apart for these evening hours. And so we bid adieu to the lake and leave it to its romantic solitude.

H. M. N.

Amateur Book-binding.

In this day and time, when the best of classics as well as fine current works are gotten out in paper covers, the most fascinating sort of work in which a girl with "a pretty taste for reading" can engage, is book-binding.

The only materials needed are some sheets of stiff binder's board, a bottle of liquid glue, and such materials for covering and adorning the boards as the taste and fancy of the operator may suggest.

Pretty bindings for books of a light and ephemeral nature are made by covering the boards with colored linen or crash, such as is used for outline embroidery. White linen makes an exquisite binding, but is rather too easily injured for ordinary use.

To see exactly how the covering is done you need only examine the binding on any stiff-backed book, and use it as a guide, being careful to work with neatness, and fasten down all edges securely with your glue.

When your cover is made it is ready to be adorned. The plain crash ones are pretty with titles and dashing, appropriate little sketches in water-color, oil, or pen-and-ink. If one cannot draw, the title may be stamped, along with a sketchy spray of blossoms, and put on in outline stitch, before the cover is mounted.

When you are ready to put your book in, make two slits right through binding and book, using a very sharp pen-knife, draw a couple of ribbons of appropriate tints through, tie them in neat bows, and your cover will be held firmly in place.

I saw a binding of this sort on a little poem or rhymed novelette called "Marie; a Seaside Idyl." The paper was heavy, the margins wide, the illustrations numerous; but the original covering was paper, and its owner decided that it was worthy of a better setting.

She made it a cover of crash or linen of faint blue, ran a mere wavy line across it in deeper blue water-color to indicate the horizon of a very placid sea, and added a setting sun with a few judicious touches of color. The title was

in the sky, with a few vagrant gulls flying about it, and the author's name floated on the waves below. This binding was tied on with ribbons of a pale tan, matching the lettering, and the whole was as dainty an ornament for the low wicker table on which I first saw it as can well be imagined.

A much more ambitious effort of the same amateur book-binder's is Robert Louis Stevenson's "Merry Men and Other Tales." It is an edition on heavy white paper, in excellent print, but was, originally, disfigured by a hideous, mustard-colored paper cover, such as some publishers seem to affect.

The fair operator loved the book, and decided to make its binding as near worthy of the contents as she could. She covered the boards for it with common white oil-cloth, such as is used in cheap eating-houses to cover the tables.

On this surface, which makes a very fair canvas, she sketched in her idea of the "Merry Men," with "the sea swirling and combing up and boiling like the cauldron of a linn around the great granite boulders." The whole front cover is occupied by this spirited sketch, which really seems too meritorious to be so used.

The prevailing tone of this scene is greenish gray, and it is in a darker shade of this same tone, picked out in black, that the title and the author's name appear. On the back cover is a continuation of the same scene; a bit of beach, a stretch of sullen water, with a few birds wheeling above. It might well be "the far end of Aros Roost, where the sea-birds hover fishing."

When this cover was done, the fair artist, considering that ribbon bows would be inappropriate upon such a volume, had it put on by a regular binder. "It's no trick at all," she told me, "and I can put on my own now whenever I choose, just as he did."

One feature of her treatment of this book brings us to another of the delights of book-binding. She had chanced upon a little poem of Frederick Peterson's—"Heredity"—which seemed to her to express beautifully the spirit of one of the tales. She cut it from the magazine in which it appeared, and interleaved it opposite the sketch. A sentence from Emerson was suggested by another; she lettered it quaintly, and put it in, facing the page that had brought it to her mind. A carefully-mounted photograph of Mr. Stevenson formed the frontispiece, and a couple of choice prints which she had saved because they reproduced her ideal of characters in the stories, were inserted in two places. When done this volume was something personal—and, to her, priceless.

The covers of gay cretonne or satin, which are made so any book can be slipped into them, and which convert the unsightly, dog-eared object which a paper-covered novel soon becomes into a thing of beauty, hardly come under the head of book-binding, yet such a cover is a handy thing to have, and an easy thing to make; one serving for all, since you can slip the book you happen to be reading into it, and change it as often as you please.

Wood-carving can be put to no more effective use than the adorning of book-covers. The usual way of applying it is to get the veneer—rosewood for preference—in proper-sized sheets from a furniture factory, sketch on them the design and lettering desired, go over the outlines with a little v-shaped tool called a parting tool, and scoop away the background with a shallow gouge, or roughen it very carefully with a stamp or punch. This will leave design and title in slight relief, showing up dark and shiny, while the background is rougher and lighter-colored. The veneers are then simply glued to the binding already on the book.

This work, and various modifications of it which will suggest themselves to the worker, may be done by a person who has absolutely no knowledge of regular wood-carving. The tools for it can be purchased for a trifle in any city.

The almost forgotten hammered brass or *repoussé* work, too, makes a handsome and unusual-looking book-cover. Wrought in a design of armor, and used on some fine historical novel, or a book of knightly ballads, nothing could really be finer or more appropriate.

Silks, satins, bits of Oriental embroideries and all sorts of art stuffs; chamois skin or the wrists of old evening gloves, painted or embroidered, make effective book-covers. The variety of fabrics is unlimited, and the combinations and different ways of handling are so many that any taste and any volume can be suited.

A true book-lover grows to be fastidious about the dressing of his favorite authors, and there is that in this pursuit of book-binding which lifts it far above the level of mere fancy-work, gives it a semi-literary flavor, and makes it altogether an elevating pastime.

GRACE MCGOWAN COOKE.



THE LIVING QUARTERS AT 54 HIGH STREET, OXFORD, OCCUPIED BY THE YALE TEAM.



MAGDALEN COLLEGE AND BOTANICAL GARDENS, AS SEEN FROM MAGDALEN BRIDGE.

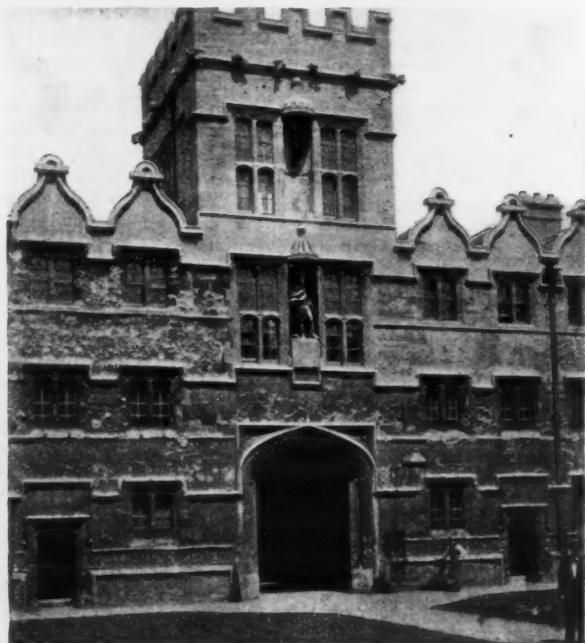


OXFORD UNIVERSITY TRAINING QUARTERS, WHERE THE YALE TEAM TRAINED FOR THE GAMES.



Christ Church dining-house. Christ Church College. Oxford Cathedral. Old Tom Tower (Christ Church College). Magdalen College. Merton College.

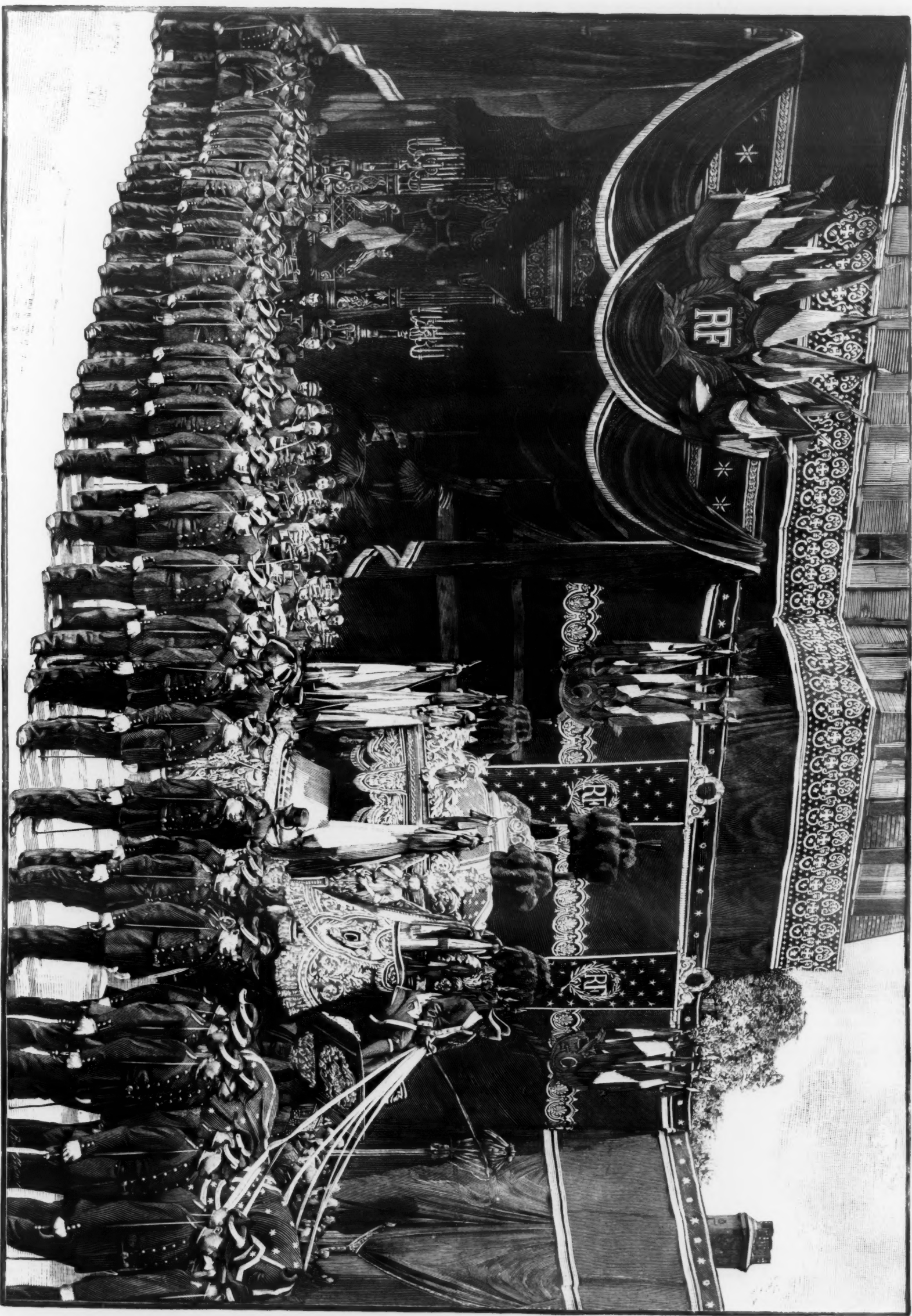
A VIEW OF OXFORD, LOOKING EAST FROM PEMBROKE COLLEGE TOWER.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD—GATEWAY OF THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN THE WORLD—VIEW FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE QUADRANGLE.

THE YALE-OXFORD ATHLETIC GAMES.

VIEWS IN OXFORD, SHOWING THE TRAINING QUARTERS OF THE YALE TEAM AND OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, ACCOMPANYING THE YALE TEAM.—[SEE PAGE 61.]
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The funeral of President Carnot, which occurred in Paris, July 1st, was one of the most imposing spectacles ever witnessed in the French capital. Two millions of people are said to have been in the streets. The whole city was in mourning. The funeral procession passed through streets literally swathed in draped flags and other sombre decorations. Ten cars, piled with wreaths, followed the funeral-car. The floral tributes from the royalties were carried upon trestles by military cadets. Monsieur Carnot's three sons walked behind the hearse, and M. Casimir-Perier, the new President of the republic, walked alone, declining all escort.

THE FUNERAL OF M. CARNOT. THE ASSASSINATED PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.—THE FUNERAL-CAR LEAVING THE ELYSÉE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SENOR CASTELAR.

HE GIVES HIS REASONS FOR SUPPORTING THE SPANISH MONARCHY.

IN two preceding articles on the social condition of Spain I have given the opinion of the two parties which are now at sword's point, Señor Aguilera, Minister of the Interior, representing the Royalists, the government side—and Señors Salmeron and Pi y Margal, the Republican side. My conclusions were rather in favor of the government, and the interview I have just had with the greatest of Spanish Republicans, shows conclusively that I was right. Señor Castelar, the great orator, the master of the art of speaking in Spain, and perhaps in the world, has been for thirty years the great apostle of Republican ideas, the fighter in his party, the most prominent figure in Spanish politics, the most dangerous foe of monarchy. He is the best-informed man on all questions, the great thinker of his country. For a Spaniard Castelar has always been the personification of republican ideas; his name alone meant "republic." Great was the surprise, the astonishment, and the excitement when, some months ago, it was understood that Castelar had changed his opinions—that he would fight no more for a republic. Many claimed he had sold himself to the government, but those who knew him—the great majority of the Spanish people—refused to believe that he could ever be bought. So every one understood that a serious and grave point in the history of Spain had been reached, and doubtless the great orator would some day explain his conduct. What in the world could lead him to such a determination? I can easily explain it. Castelar is still a Republican, and will die a Republican; but he wisely says: "The actual government has done and is doing for Spain all that a republic could do. We could not have a more liberal government. It is now doing its very best to bring about needed reforms. What I want is the good of my country, the improvement of the financial and social condition. As long as the government is working to that end we must help it, sustain it, encourage it. It is our duty to do so—for Spain. It is our duty not to fight and not to prevent the good reforms brought about, for to do so is to push the country to ruin. At this period of our national history the help of every man is needed, not to destroy, but to improve. It is the duty of all, especially of Republicans, to fight a bad government, to overthrow a tyrannical and ruinous monarchy; but we have neither in Spain now. Shall we try and bring about another civil war which would doubtless accomplish the utter ruin of the country, simply to change the denomination of the ruling party? No, no; let it be called monarchy, or anything else, as long as it is as liberal as a republic; as long as it works earnestly for the good of all. To create more difficulties would be unwise, unpatriotic, to say the least. If the form of the government is to be changed let it be through elections, quietly, honestly. I am a Republican, and will always be; but I am before all a son of Spain, and wish to see her come, strong and powerful, out of the present difficulties. I am a Republican, but as long as the present government has given the country all I wish to have, all that a republic could give it, I shall not fight it simply for party's sake. I shall applaud its success, I shall thank it for the good it does to Spain; yet I am a Republican!"

What greater compliment, what more eloquent approval of its work could the government possibly desire? Its greatest antagonist dropping his arms at its feet and saying "Well done!"

Spain had a republic. It lasted eleven months. A republic now is an utter impossibility. Clever as he is, Castelar saw it—he was born fifty years too early—and rather than work against his country he sacrificed the ambition of his life to his native land, and it is useless, indeed, to add that now, without Castelar, a republic is out of the question. Nothing could possibly strengthen monarchy in Spain more than does this declaration of Castelar. Some Republicans who will never forgive him his "defection" claim that he was led by a new ambition, that of becoming a minister of state, a member of the cabinet. Why not? Why should not a man of Castelar's talent and ability, recognizing the uselessness of his efforts toward creating a new republic, and the wisdom of the actual government, help it to pull the country out of a difficult and serious crisis? And why should the Queen hesitate in asking the services of such a man? I asked Señor Castelar whether he thought the government strong enough to

deal successfully with socialism and anarchism. "Undoubtedly so," was the answer, "but frankly, I do not believe in all the so-called remedies coming from official sources. The state is not expected to sustain men, but men to sustain the state."

INTERVIEW WITH SEÑOR MORET.

Señor Moret, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is considered the greatest orator in Spain—after Castelar; in fact, he is often called the "Castelar" of the monarchist party. He is the busiest minister in the cabinet, and the hardest man in Spain to get an audience from. I succeeded in getting an appointment with him at ten o'clock in the morning at his house—a very modest-looking building for one of Spain's great men. As soon as I had given my name I was shown into his study. The minister was seated at a very large table, buried under an enormous amount of official papers and letters. He quickly got up, greeting me most cordially, and with the kindness, grace and amiability for which he is proverbial. He first spoke in French, but after a few words he began to talk English, to my surprise, as fluently as a Briton. His views on the European situation were full of interest.

Señor Moret's position as Foreign Minister has been made more than difficult on account of the opposition of the Republicans and others to the plans of the government in the matter of the commercial treaties. Spain's treaties with several other nations have to be renewed, and no question, not even the social question, has ever given the government so much trouble—though it acted wisely for the good of the country. I am quite sure the opposition will find out that commercial wars with Germany, France, and other countries will not help the finances of Spain. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Moret is well in touch with the policies of other countries, and of course "au courant" of the progress of socialism in Europe. He believes it has never been so menacing, strong, and powerful, yet the quick and energetic actions of the Spanish, French, German, Belgian, and other governments will surely check the movement, for a time at least. The executions in Paris and Barcelona have been a terrible and salutary example. But I must say that the more I hear on the question from official sources, the more it becomes doubtful in my mind whether these executions will have the immediate good effect expected from them. It will upon socialism at large, but it will work the other way on the hot-headed men (cranks or heroes, as you like) such as Ravachol, Henri, and the Barcelonists. These will be more anxious than ever to revenge the martyrs who died courageously in shouting "Vive l'anarchie!" and to die for such a glorious cause, convinced that their deaths will advance it. Death is nothing to those men; they do not fear it, but, on the contrary, rejoice in it.

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

Much-troubled Monuments.

THIS is a period of civic reform; there is muttering from New York to San Francisco against the abuses of boss rule in our great cities. Foreigners with the reek of their native bogs still on their shoes and the silver-gilt jewelry of Italy still in their ears rush into places offered them through the villainy of politicians and the supineness of native citizens. The rascal native tempts, and the far less rascally foreigner reaps the harvest. Oddly enough, the reaction against municipal corruption has had its effect on public monuments, perhaps because they are conspicuous affairs which cost little to attack, but by attacking them the municipal lumbago can get cheaply, and without harming any of his own parasites, a reputation as reformer.

Especially ludicrous, if not alarming, is the sudden fervor shown by the Boston Common Council for a reform of monuments. It is too much to hope that these persons have any real convictions in regard to statuary, and their way of procedure lends color to the doubt. We give illustrations of the monument first assailed by them. It is a pleasing, if not forcible, a graceful, if not deeply characteristic figure, meant to represent that Iceland who ventured from Greenland to explore a coast to the westward, seen by storm-driven compatriots. The monument is feminine, as it should be, since a woman

made it. This is Miss Whitney's ideal of Leif Ericsson—in its way a good one, considering the man from a poetical, romantic point of view, which is Miss Whitney's view. Had Olin L. Warner done the work, we should have had a massive, martial, perhaps bearded figure, with not a trace of the elegant young fellow who, well satisfied with himself, strikes an attitude and raises his hand daintily to his brow like an adored tenor in Italian opera. But as Boston has a good many thousand more women than men, it is only fair that woman's work should stand on her squares, provided it is sufficiently good. It is not great, but it is better than Miss Whitney's angel of the fountain in Central Park, and much better than Thomas Ball's statues on Boston Common.

Yet the aldermen proposed to remove this statue from its present location on Commonwealth Avenue. They assailed a statue which has decided merits of modeling, and represents the best work of a talented woman. They should have attacked a weaker point in the line.

Their next blow found a more yielding spot. The statue to Colonel Thomas Cass, of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, who was killed at Malvern Hill in July, 1862, is by no means so bad a work as represented in Boston papers, but the monument is not well placed in the Public Garden adjoining the Common. Cass's attitude is good, concentrated, manly, natural. The sword is a mistake; it breaks the line. In a pen-and-ink sketch of an officer this sword would be capital, because it gives the soldier at a glance; but a monument is a different thing. It should have been tried there in plaster before being cast. The aldermen have struck this monument from the number of city embellishments, and should be encouraged to add to the retired list others not far off.

Whatever the motive behind such surprising feats of civism on the part of aldermen, we should be glad to find any movement in such matters. In New York we are used to such profound indifference that we suspect a job behind any evidence of interest in parks or monuments taken by the "esurient Graculi" who go through the farce of managing the city's affairs. The Legislature provided for a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, but as nothing was done, certain organizations of amateurs and sculptors are moving in the matter. In Philadelphia the Fairmount Park Association is working with zeal and little knowledge or taste to embellish that city. In Washington the results of governmental efforts are so poor that there is talk of an organization, to be made up of citizens as well as Congressmen, which shall take charge of the statuary about the city and at the Capitol.

Attention brought to bear on public monuments has had a curious result in San Francisco. Miss Harriet Hosmer, of Rome, made for the World's Fair a statue of Queen Isabella of Spain offering her jewels in pledge of funds to help Columbus discover a new way to the Indies. Miss Hosmer likes to talk to reporters. She had a grievance in Chicago because the World's Fair would not accept her statue—of which we give a picture—and permit the Princess Eulalie to unveil it. A contribution of American women, made by an American woman, it was to show what women had done and could do. Miss Hosmer said that Princess Eulalie was haughty to the Chicago people because that statue was not unveiled. It has been lately at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco, and there has been a proposition to have it cast in bronze and placed in Golden Gate Park. In the final exposition awards it received, we believe, merely an "honorable mention."

Miss Hosmer has also freed her mind concerning the statues and monuments of San Francisco. Her scorn of all these objects of art, except the poorest, made by her Roman friend and master, W. W. Story, caused a sensation and directed attention to her own work. Two Jewish rabbis immediately discovered that Queen Isabella was no better than she should have been, to start with, and then turned the Jews and Moors out of Spain, beside sending thousands of heretics to the pyre. The rabbis had history with them. Undoubtedly, to our ideas, Queen Isabella's record is not fragrant with mercy, charity, and other virtues of which women are supposed to have the monopoly. They did not attack the artistic quality of the statue; they merely held that Isabella was no sample for American women, and deserves no statue, denying even that she did give her jewels, and only acknowledging that she promised to, and then, womanlike, crawled out of it. These rabbis even go so far as to say that the statue shall not stand in Golden Gate Park, but do not add whether they propose to prevent it by dynamite or political pull. They ought to read their Heine and recognize themselves in

the Jewish disputants whom he satirizes for doing just as absurd things, saying just as violent words, as the besotted monks, their opponents.

There is no other valid reason why Miss Hosmer's Isabella should not stand in Golden Gate Park save one—because it is not sufficiently a work of art.

In some respects it is a work of art. It is true that she seems to have copied in the drapery, pose, and expression certain Japanese statuettes of the Goddess Quannon. But these statuettes have a remarkably noble, impressive, almost imposing air. The outlines of the figure are statuesque, the draperies finely arranged. There is much ornament; it is a rather florid affair, but it is not a piece of work to be despised. The religious fanaticism of Isabella has nothing to say in the matter. As to the jewels, let the monument record her first generous impulse, not her wretched refusal when her enthusiasm had cooled.

Much troubled are these monuments, and it may be hoped that others will follow. We should make a careful weeding of the statuary now in place and scrutinize the aspirants to pedestals in our parks and streets. Sculptors are open to suggestions as to work now in public; they will remodel and replace things made in their feeble years. Thus Turini agrees to supplant his Garibaldi on Washington Square with a better statue, and Venezuela proposes to change the Bolivar in Central Park for a monument better fitted to the greatness of the liberator's career.

THE AMATEUR AMFIELD



F. H. HOVEY.

THE TENNIS SEASON.

THE temptations of the tennis season have been too much for Hovey, and he has made up his mind that his clients can spare a little of his time while he makes another trial for the national championship in his favorite game. Without doubt Hovey will have the sympathy of a large part of the American public this year, for most people believe that he was defeated at Newport last summer more by chance than anything else, and his welcome back to the courts has been cordial in the extreme. He is apparently in better form than ever before, and has been highly successful in the tournaments in which he has taken part. He has not been bothered this spring by the necessity of training for a base-ball nine, and all his efforts have been devoted to the racket. At the present writing he has the best chance he ever had for finishing the season at the head of the list.

Hobart, the player who has always bothered Hovey, is in very poor form, and must improve rapidly in order to make a good showing in the later tournaments. Hobart has been beaten by Hovey, Chace, and Foote. Champion Wrenn met with an accident some weeks ago, and has not yet gotten into playing trim. Even if he gets in shape Wrenn can hardly be expected to defeat Hovey and Hobart this year, for the records of these players show that Wrenn is not the equal of the latter two. With Hobart out of condition, then, Hovey would seem to have the opportunity of his career. One of the younger players who will bear watching this year is Foote. There is no one in the country who excels him in making difficult returns, and he is to-day as good a defensive player as there is. His most effective work is done from the base line, and although this style of play is not likely to win from men like Hovey, who stay at the net almost the entire match, the Yale man

will give some of his rivals a hard rub before the season is ended.

HARVARD FOOT-BALL.

Captain Emmons, of the Harvard foot-ball team, already has the most promising of his candidates at work in New Castle, New Hampshire. Harvard foot-ball is to be managed on a new plan this fall. The death of Mr. George A. Stewart, who has been the head coach for three of the last four years, made a reorganization necessary, and the intention of the foot-ball men is to put everything under the control of a council consisting of all the old players, more especially those of recent years. At the head of this large body there will be a triumvirate consisting of Dr. W. A. Brooks, '87; Mr. Robert Bacon, '80, and Mr. Lorin F. Deland. Dr. Brooks was the captain of the Harvard eleven in his senior year in college, and rowed on the university crew. He has been very prominent in athletics since then, and will now be the recognized head of the coaching system. Mr. Bacon has been identified with the athletic interests of Harvard for many years, and represents a large number of the alumni. Mr. Deland has become famous through the momentum style of play which he originated. These three men will decide all questions of policy, and will have back of them all the coaches whom they can induce to go to Cambridge. Each old player will be asked to devote all the time he can to individual and special lines of coaching, and the supporters of Harvard foot-ball hope that it will be this year on a firmer foundation than ever before. The list of candidates at New Castle shows that Harvard will be strong back of the line, but in need of heavy rushers. There are no new men of special promise.

THE YACHT RACES.

Seven successive defeats for the *Vigilant* in foreign waters are rather more than any yachtsman on this side expected, although the best-informed skippers have all along insisted that racing about the Clyde was altogether different from sailing over the courses in our own waters. Although the American boat was so regularly left behind, each victory for the *Britannia* was won by a narrow margin, and there is reason for believing that if there had not been so many turns the *Vigilant* would have had her share of success. Everybody knew that the *Vigilant* was slow in stays. Her work in the preliminary and cup races last fall showed that, and the changes made in the boat have not made her a bit better in this, her weak point. Since the legs in some of the *Vigilant's* races have been only a little more than five miles long, this weakness has been put in the foreground, and the rival boat has had every advantage. More than this, the Goulds have put their boat in new hands, and even the best of skippers cannot do such good work with a strange craft as he can in a packet with which he is perfectly familiar.

But it is useless to make excuses. Quickness in stays is as much a legitimate advantage in a yacht as the ability to keep close to the wind, and if the boat does not possess it she lacks one of the things which are necessary. The plain fact shown by the recent races is that in light winds the *Vigilant* is not so fast as the *Britannia*. There is, however, every reason for thinking that in a good stiff blow the visiting boat can show her heels to the home racer. Her victory in the race of the 17th for the Commodore Cup of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, when she had a spanking breeze, certainly justifies this expectation.

The results of the races make it more probable than ever that at least one English owner will challenge for the America's Cup next year, and that consequently we shall have international racing in our own waters.

John Merrill.

The Yale Team at Oxford.

An athlete who has been in strict training from January to June is sure to find the routine of exercise grow extremely burdensome if the work be prolonged into July. The daily work of the Yale men in Oxford is undoubtedly a grind, but after speaking of the work we will touch upon some of its mitigating features. Sanford, the quarter-miler, is obliged to work twice a day in order to keep his weight within bounds, but the rest of the team do not appear upon the track until about five o'clock. At that time a large crowd always assembles to witness the practice. Every move of the men is watched with the keenest interest, and if it were possible that any man needed an incentive to keep him up to his work, the number of the spectators would furnish it. The Oxford

University Athletic Club have placed their grounds and house entirely at the disposal of their athletic guests, and, in fact, have extended to the Americans every courtesy within their power. In the morning of each day a 'leisurely sort of sight-seeing is indulged in, no risk of tiring the men being taken. The time which elapses between luncheon and five o'clock, the hour for exercise, is spent in absolute and unqualified loafing. After the seven o'clock dinner come short strolls in some of the beautiful college gardens of which Oxford is so justly proud, and half-past ten finds every one quite ready for a good night's rest. July 5th the dons of Magdalen College dined the Yale men in their college hall, and July 7th Mr. Jackson, the well-known father of Oxford athletics, followed suit with a dinner in Hertford's Hall, of which college he is a don. At these dinners old Oxford athletes were very much in evidence, and made these charming bits of hospitality even more interesting. The evening of the day upon which the games take place the Sports Club of London dine the Oxford and Yale teams, and the following evening the American Ambassador, Mr. Bayard, and several other gentlemen entertain the Yale men at dinner. The civility which the Americans have met on all sides has prevented them from realizing that they are in "a strange land"; their own people could not have been kinder to them. The men are in the pink of condition, and, win or lose, are sure to give a good account of themselves on July 16th. The interest over here in the match, already great, is increasing every day, and now that the inter-university cricket match and the Henley regatta are over, the great topic of interest is the coming international athletic meeting.

C. H. SHERRILL, JR.

The international contest on the 16th instant was witnessed by fifteen thousand persons, of whom two thousand were Americans. Of the nine events, five were won by Oxford, three by Yale, and there was one tie. Captain Hickok and Sheldon upheld the standard of Yale with characteristic gallantry. We hope to give a full pictorial account of each event in our next issue.

The Story of Pullman.

"In brief, the Pullman enterprise is a vast object-lesson. It has demonstrated man's capacity to improve and appreciate improvements. It has shown that success may result from corporate action which is alike free from default, foreclosure or wreckage of any sort. It has illustrated the helpful combination of capital and labor, without strife or stultification, upon lines of mutual recognition."—*The Story of Pullman*, 1893.

The story of Pullman, as told in 1894, is a far different one. There is strife and stultification, mutual suspicion and dislike; default, foreclosure and wreckage. There are strikes and lock-outs, and the inevitable violence and riot, arson and murder, resulting therefrom. There is a screw loose somewhere in Pullman, and I made an effort to find it.

From the magnificent Pullman building on Michigan Avenue in Chicago, guarded by a dozen deputy-marshals in the building, and looking out upon several companies of United States infantry, artillery, and cavalry upon the Lake Front opposite, it is about three-quarters of an hour to the suburb of Pullman, by the Illinois Central Railroad. At Burnside station we passed the wreckage of a recent riot, the charred remains of thirty or forty cars, and just beyond, a company of regulars camped in an aged Pullman train.

At Pullman there was no evidence of the late unpleasantness, except the quietness of the place, the absence of smoke from the tall chimneys, and the numerous soldiers, which gave it quite a resemblance to a Federal arsenal or navy-yard. The flower-beds were trim and blooming, and a gardener was busy with the geraniums. There was nothing wrong there.

Was it wages? I have been looking into statistics, census reports and the like, and I found nothing wrong there. Figures cannot lie. The rate of wages at Pullman, \$473.50 per annum per individual, is, I am assured, the highest paid in any similar works in the United States, and consequently in the world; and the average daily wages, \$1.85, at Pullman for the first four months of 1894 were higher than the average paid in either the railroad car-shops or the private-contract shops in this country. Where, then, the trouble? It must be with the men themselves.

A recent table of the nativity of the wage-earners at Pullman showed the following:

American.....	1,796	Dutch.....	753
Scandinavian.....	1,422	Irish.....	412
German.....	824	Latin.....	170
British and Canadian.....	796	All others.....	161

6,324

Mr. Pullman's story has already been given. I determined to seek out the men and learn

their story from their own lips. At first this was not easy, for there were few men about. I found, however, an intelligent German, who became my guide and introduced me, like Asmodeus, into the private apartments of every class of tenement. And here, I must say frankly, I saw much to surprise me. We left the flower-beds and the green lawns behind, and went into wide, sandy streets, bordered by rows of gray brick, two-story houses. I had read:

"The rents of houses here range from \$5 to \$50 per month, the average being \$14, but there are hundreds of tenements ranging from \$6 to \$9 per month. These rents are considerably less than for similar tenements anywhere else in Chicago."

The above was written several years ago, when rents were higher than they are now. Briefly, this is what I found, as verified by the rent receipts, the odd cents standing for the water rate: Flat, seven rooms and bath, \$28.96; the same in other Chicago suburbs, \$18 to \$20. Flat, five rooms, \$15.60; flat, four rooms, \$14.71; apartments in "block," a three-story tenement building in the middle of a square, containing from seventeen to fifty-four families—three rooms, \$9.10; two rooms, \$7.60.

In these tenements, as everywhere, the utmost cleanliness was observed, and there was the abundance of air and light often spoken of, but abundance of water there was not, there being but one faucet for each group of three families; and this in the apartment devoted to the closets of the said families. "Yards," front or back, there were none, except a great barren space in common. The alleys were perfectly clean, which, I think, cannot be said of any other part of Chicago.

Another class of dwellings are the "single cottages" of the brick-yards. Except that they were not of logs, and that the boiling July sun poured down on the sandy street, they reminded me of the pictures of a Siberian town. Little huts with two small windows, but no front doors. They were 16 x 20 feet, ceiling 7 feet, with a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, and a kitchen in a lean-to. There were eleven of these houses on each side of the street, and three hydrants to the twenty-two houses. Small yards gave a place for chickens, and one Italian had a melancholy little cabbage patch. These cabins could have been built easily for \$100 each, and rented for \$8 per month, or \$96 per annum. A better class of cottage, built two together, with four rooms in a space of 18 x 20 feet, and with water in the yard, rented for \$10 per month. Inquiry in the neighboring town of Kensington, half a mile distant, showed that better flats or cottages, with pretty gardens, could be hired at fully twenty per cent. less. The men, when asked why they did not move over to Kensington, replied invariably that if they would keep a job in Pullman they must live in Pullman.

As to wages, pay checks showed laborers, rated at \$1.35 per day, often getting but 91 cents for seven hours' work, and finishers or trimmers making but \$13.70, or even \$6.57, for two weeks' work, out of which, by the terms of the leases, the rent had to be deducted. In

many cases there were amounts of less than five dollars, and in some instances but a few cents, left after paying the rent. The people, although clean, had a wan and hungry look that was painful to witness. There was a screw loose here, surely.

The town of Pullman is estimated to be worth \$10,000,000. Everything pays rent. Even the "Greenstone" Church pays \$1,200, and the Methodist Church, in the Casino building, pays nearly \$500. The 1,800 dwellings pay \$325,000 or more. The market, the arcade, and the stores bring in a good rental besides. And the Pullman Palace Car Company pay taxes to the city of Chicago, \$15,000; or less than unimproved acre property adjoining.

"Why did the men strike?" I asked this question of the Methodist minister, the Rev. W. H. Carwardine, an evidently sincere and earnest man who has gained some notoriety from the sympathy that he has shown to the strikers. After thinking a moment he said: "The weak spot in the system is its lack of humanity. The town of Pullman, with its thirty or forty thousand people, is but a part of a great financial scheme. Mr. Pullman expressly disclaims the idea of philanthropy. He is so much opposed to the term charity that he discouraged the idea of a relief fund. But he should have charity for these, his fellow-creatures. He is his brother's keeper. There never would have been a strike if there had been a fair reduction of rents along with the cut in wages. There never would have been a strike if there had been an equalization of wages and a correction of the abuses of shop administration. These abuses, to my knowledge, were many and grievous. It is said that the men precipitated the strike. Mistaken they were, without doubt, but their provocation was great. Their request for the restoration of the wages of 1893 they were prepared to forego if they could get justice, simple justice, in other directions. Three of their committee on grievances had been 'laid off,' and while the officials promised an investigation, their bearing was such that it gave the men no hope. There were whispers of a lock-out, and the men who in that event would have received no help from the Railway Union struck almost to a man. It was a rash move, I think, but workmen, like other people, are human. I counsel peace, but what the end will be I know not."

At the headquarters of the relief committee I learned that 2,500 men were on the rolls of the destitute, and that although the supplies are nearly exhausted, they are now flowing in quite generously. In money, \$12,000 has already been distributed, and a large amount of provisions.

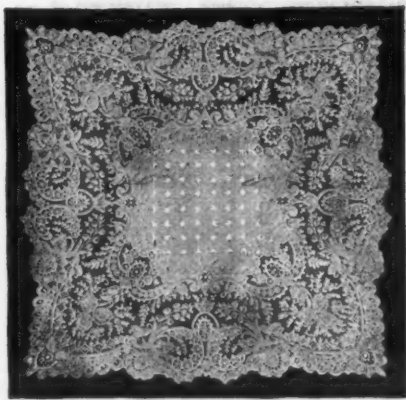
What will be the end? These men have been, perhaps, misguided, but they have committed no violence. They have never joined the ranks of the car-burners or the train-wreckers. Mr. Pullman is human, and he, too, may have made mistakes. There may be nothing to arbitrate as between employer and employé, but yet can they not come together as Christians and loyal citizens and agree to live together in harmony? Or is Pullman a failure?

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

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If that problem is too easy, here is a second one. Start with the point of a pencil from any one of the little stars, and, stepping from one to another, see in how few steps they can all be marked off, making the least possible number of angles. The sixty-four stars must all be passed over, but there is no restriction regarding going over some oftener than others. Five dollars is offered for the best answers to either of these propositions received before September 20th, and the lace kerchief, worth \$260, for a correct solution of both.

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We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free, by mail, to sufferers.



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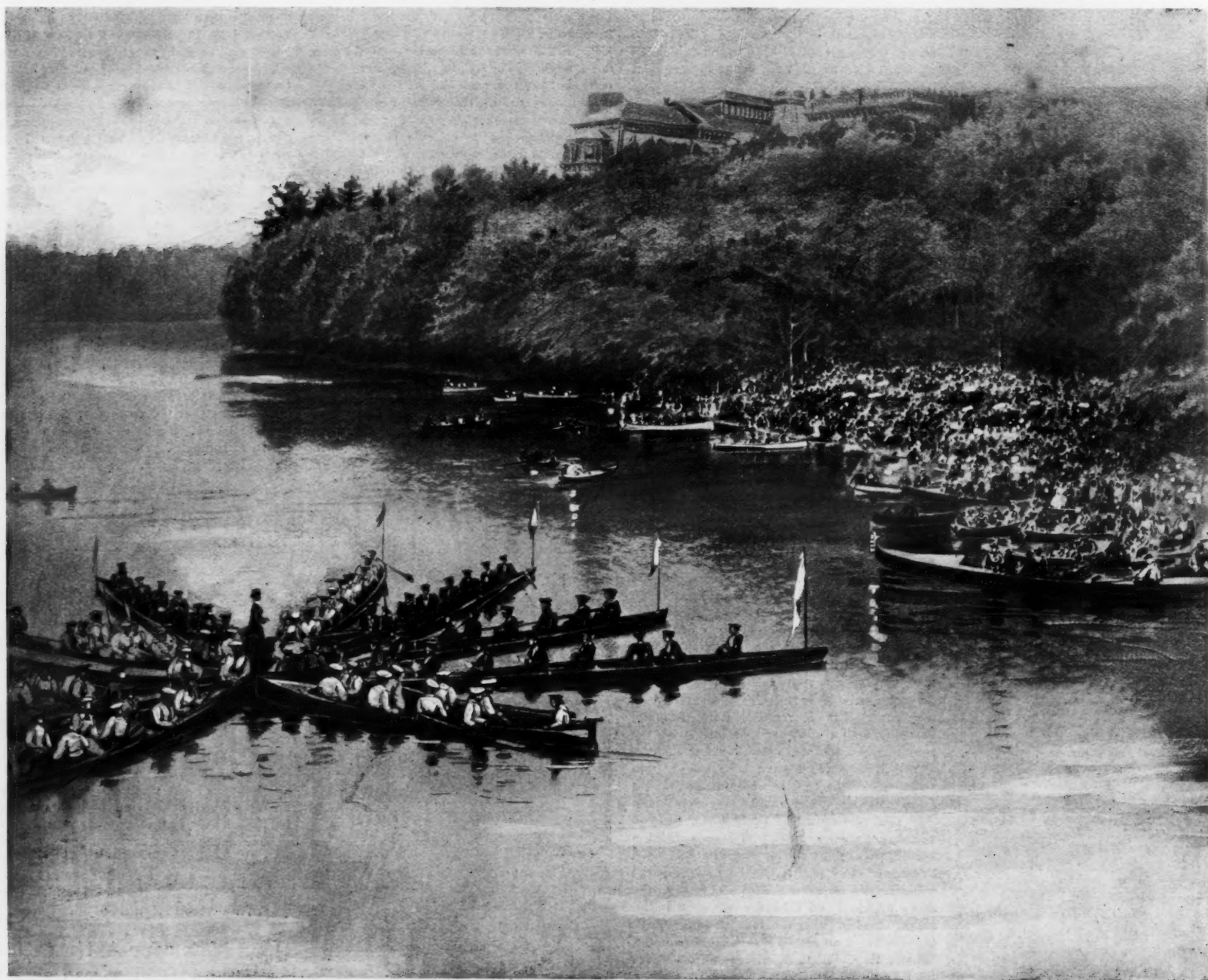


MISS HARRIET HOSMER'S STATUE OF QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.



THE STATUE TO COLONEL THOMAS CASS, NINTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

MUCH-TROUBLED MONUMENTS—THE AWAKENING OF PUBLIC OPINION IN THE MATTER OF PUBLIC STATUARY.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 60.]

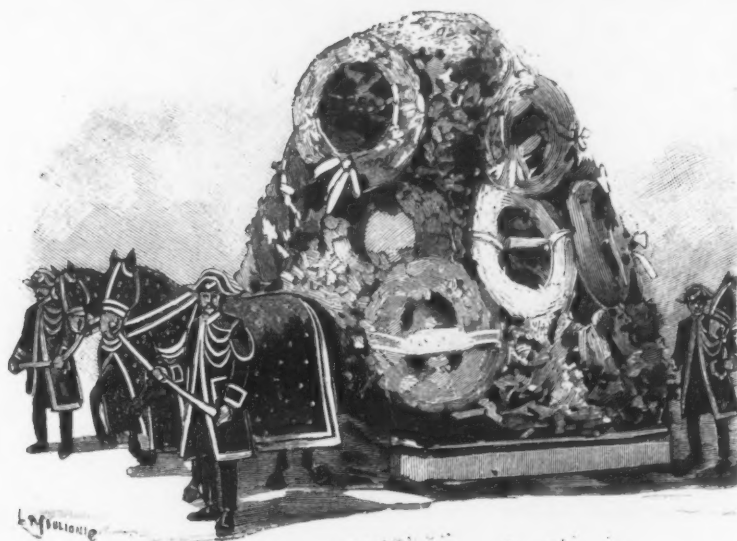


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FLOAT DAY AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARTRIDGE.—[SEE PAGE 57.]
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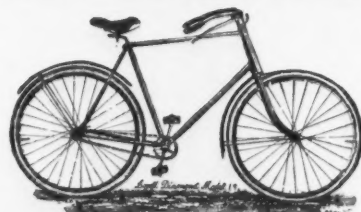
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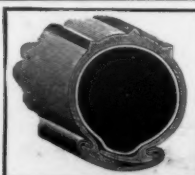
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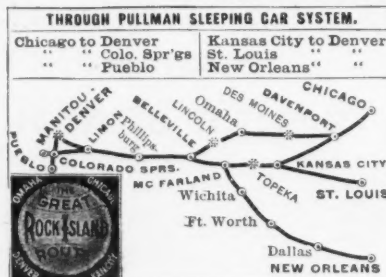
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